The ſecond part of Henry the fourth, *continuing to his death, and coro-* nation of Henry the fift.

Enter Rumour painted full of Tongues.

OPen your eares; for which of you will ſtop
The vent of hearing, when lowd Rumor ſpeaks?
I from the Orient to the drooping Weſt,
(Making the wind my poſte-horſe) ſtill vnfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth,
Vpon my tongues continuall ſlanders ride,
The which in euery language I pronounce,
Stuffing the eares of men with falſe reports,
I ſpeake of peace while couert enmity,
Vnder the ſmile of ſafety, woundes the world:
And who but Rumor, who but onely I,
Make fearefull muſters, and prepar'd defence,
Whiles the bigge yeare, ſwolne with ſome other griefe,
Is thought with child by the ſterne tyrant Warre?
And no ſuch matter. Rumour is a pipe,
Blowne by ſurmizes, Iealouſies coniectures,
And of ſo eaſie, and ſo plaine a ſtop,
That the blunt monſter, with vncounted heads,
The ſtill diſcordant wau'ring multitude,
Can play vpon it. But what need I thus
(My wel knowne body) to anothomize
Among my houſhold? why is Rumor here?